

TO A CHILD, EMBRACING ITS MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one!  
Kiss and clasp her neck again—  
Hereafter thou may'st need in vain,  
Love thy mother, little one!  
Gaze upon her living eyes,  
And mirror back her love for thee—  
Hereafter thou may'st need in vain,  
Gaze upon her living eyes!  
Press her lips the while they glow  
With love that they have often told;  
Hereafter thou may'st need in vain,  
Press her lips the while they glow.  
O, reverse her raven hair,  
Although it be not silvery gray,  
Too early, death, led on by care,  
May snatch, save one dear look away,  
O, reverse her raven hair!  
Pray for her, at eve and morn,  
That heaven may the stroke defer,  
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn,  
When thou wilt ask to die with her,  
Pray for her, at eve and morn!

THE YOUNG PIONEER.

After parting with the family where he had been so kindly entertained, and who took such a lively interest in the welfare of the young stranger, for some little distance he had to contend with the violence of the storm, which dispirited him every step of the way. But, having soon gained the thick of woods, he found it more tolerable. It gave him a friendly protection from the peltings of the storm, and severity of the cold.

His situation having now become comparatively comfortable, he spurred on his horse, and took courage. But so deep was the snow, he soon became weary, and his agility moderated to a slow pace. Sometimes he doubted the practicability of getting to his place of destination for the day. But he pressed forward, passing now and then a cut down or cleared up spot, each having a log cabin and hovel. But these were few, and far between. Sometimes the white capped hills and mountains showed themselves through the openings, but presented to the eye a gloomy, comfortless, uninviting aspect. From the time of his parting with the affectionate family, in the morning, until late in the afternoon, he met no human being, heard no human voice, and saw no human footsteps. At long intervals, he saw only the curling smoke ascending from the lonely cottage, which gave indications that man lived there, blest with the comforts of a cheerful fire and covert from the storm. So inclement was the day, that none but a Methodist preacher ventured to contend with the furious elements of cold and wind, and snow. But though the men of the world may themselves be happy in being exempted from the privations, and physical, mental, and spiritual afflictions of itinerant preachers, yet the self-sacrificing herald of the gospel of Christ Jesus has sufficient inducements to suffer for all things, and to endure all things, in consideration of the great and glorious recompense of reward on high.

Sometime past mid-day he began to be cold, and weary, and hungry. His privations and sufferings pressed heavily upon him. He thought of home, of friends, and past comforts. He derived no satisfaction from the thought that God could provide a table in the wilderness. While he thus reflected he was tempted by the devil. He thought of Christ in the wilderness, and took the sword of the spirit and repulsed him.

After this he was much comforted. He had the bread to eat that he did not know of—O, how happy! In good earnest, before he was aware of it, upon the top of his voice, he began to sing praise to God. He made the howling wilderness echo with,

"Ye mountains and valleys, in praises abound,  
Ye hills and ye dale, continue the sound;  
Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,  
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God."

He now went on his way rejoicing; sometimes riding, and sometimes walking. The fire burned. The love of God now filled his whole soul. He now shouted glory! glory!—not to be heard of man, for no human ear was within the sound of his voice. But it was glory to God in the highest!

It was now late in the afternoon; and the severity of the storm had somewhat abated, when he came to a place where two ways met. He hesitated which to take. A small distance off the road stood a small house, and there being no obstructions, he rode up to inquire. Having given three raps with the butt end of his whip on the door, still sitting on his horse, in a moment he heard the sound of light, quick, female footsteps approaching, when open came the door, and a voice that sounded more than humanly feminine, yet earnest, before he had time to speak, proclaimed, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; come in!" The invitation was both surprising and irresistible. Her eyes, that beamed forth the affectionate hospitality of the heart, here lips that spoke with such angelic kindness to the suffering stranger, and the hand so tenderly and yet so eagerly grasped his, gave him the fullest assurance that he was welcome, and that he had found a friend in time of need. He hesitated not for a second, but as soon as his stiffened limbs would permit, he dismounted and entered. His weary, hungry horse, went quick to the stable; the girl hastened to put on the tea-kettle, and cooked the meat, while the mother prepared a cake for the fire.

The repeat being now ready, she said that a Methodist minister, a stranger, was expected to preach that evening at Mr. F's, and supposed him to be the gentleman. She further said, knowing the distance he had to ride, and seeing the severity of the storm, she had been anxiously looking out for him, and was very happy in being able to give him some refreshments, after so long and tedious a journey through the woods. After eating with a pretty good grace, on his knees he prayed for a blessing on this kind family, and then bid them farewell; the boy showing him the right road to the place of his destination.

This circumstance was ever regarded by him as one of the most remarkable in his whole life. It never occurred to him but in connection with that friendly visit that should cast over female defects, in view of whose refined and generous feelings of which the female heart is so capable, and which are but seldom suppressed, in cases of distress and commiseration. When man suffers, woman pities. This noble-hearted female was an honor to the mother that gave her birth, a friend to humanity, and an ornament to the church of which she was a member. Names

may pass away, places and distances may be lost in oblivion, but the unaffected kindness of this Christian female can never be forgotten. This act of hospitality is on record for eternity. This amiable woman was not a Methodist, but a member of the Baptist communion. ELDAH.

For the Herald and Journal.

BISHOP HEDDING AT LYNN CONFERENCE.

Those who had the unspeakable satisfaction of hearing our venerable Bishop's short address before the N. E. Conference, on the 4th of May, respecting Pickering and Steele, would be glad to see those thoughts (rendered valuable by so many associations) preserved more permanently than they could be in frail recollection. If they are of such worth to us, ought not others who had not the privilege of hearing for themselves, to be favored with the words, if they could not with the sentiment and manner?

Said he, "If I am expected to make a speech, I am too weary and feeble, at this time; yet I can easily allude to my worthy and well beloved brethren, who have thrown off the armor so very recently. Since the one with whom I was more intimate was taken sick, and the fears as to the result of that sickness were announced in the Herald, I watched its weekly report, and also obtained information from every other available source, while, at the same time, I ceased not to ask of God to spare life, and restore health, if, in his infinite wisdom, it could be done, and when it was said, 'He is gone,' said I, 'Gone!'—Yes, for ever gone!—and need I tell you I have felt the loss daily, yea, even hourly, and never more keenly than during this session. George Pickering was a gentleman, and a Christian, in the true sense. Praiseworthy acts will be recounted of him, which never can be, as in too many instances, counterbalanced by imprudences. Circumspection, prudence, firmness, and fervency characterized his manner."

He continued for a few moments to speak of Pickering's merits, in connection with those of the other lamented brother, and his own finer sensibilities were absorbed in thoughts of his own approaching change, and he continued, "I know I may be the next to go; at all events, I must go soon, and in view of it I turn to my own heart and life, and discover so much frailty, and so many infirmities, that I repeat the words of the poet, with deep feeling,

"And can it be, thou heavenly King,  
That thou shouldst me to glory bring!  
Make me the partner of thy throne,  
Decked with a never-fading crown!"

And then placing his hands upon his hoary head, he exclaimed, "O, that crown! Shall I wear it? But I remember again it is written, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' Then I cling to the atonement, and count all my sufferings and privations as but drops, and could there be such a thing as commencing life again, with present experience, I would be an itinerant preacher. I have no fears of being lost. Once I was in bondage unto fear. Before my conversion, I suffered profound agony, in anticipating the wrath of God against my sins; but I have been saved. Brethren, I do not believe I shall go to hell—Christ has rescued me!"

Could we evade the thought—we were, perhaps, hearing him for the last time, when we perceived that the keepers of the house were trembling? O, who would not desire the privilege of something the passage to the grave of one whose time, talents, energies, (physical, intellectual, and moral), have been unreservedly devoted to the church?—of one who implicitly obeyed the heavenly call, and went forth, not knowing whether he went? His life, to us, is dear and inestimable. May the respect, veneration, and unalloyed love due to this servant of the Most High, so soon to depart, be forthcoming, at least from every Methodist, (for what one has not reaped the fruit of his labor?) that nothing may prevent his having an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Boston, May 7, 1847.

For the Herald and Journal.

RULES FOR CONDUCTING CLASS MEETINGS.

Mr. Editor,—The following rules for conducting class meetings, were recommended by Rev. B. Othman, Presiding Elder on Boston District, to the class leaders of the Bromfield Street Church, July 31, 1837, but would be quite useful to some others:—

1st. Always spend a few moments in your closet, in prayer and self-examination, before going to your class.

2d. Begin exactly at the time appointed, whether there is but one or more, besides yourself, present.

3d. Never sing but one verse at the opening of the meeting.

4th. Pray very short; pray not for every body, nor for every thing; but pray for your class, and only for your class, and for the present meeting.

5th. Never make a speech, or exhortation, after the prayer; but state, in a few words, some particular exercise of your own mind.

6th. In speaking to your class, ask not the unmeaning question, "How do you enjoy your mind?"—but let the question be in reference to some Christian duty, or some particular Christian grace, such as, "Are you uniform in family prayer?" "Do you fast?" "How often do you visit your closet?" "How often do you read the Scriptures?" "Do you contribute of your substance for the spread of the Gospel?" "Do you attend sacrament, and never neglect it, except when it is absolutely necessary?" "Do you attend prayer meetings, and take an active part on the occasion?" "Are you holy in your example before your family?" "Is the love of God now shed abroad in your heart?" "Have you now the direct witness of the Spirit?"

7th. Allow no one to speak long; stop them when they attempt it; better one suffer than many.

8th. If members of other classes are present, let them on no account be spoken to, to take up the time that belongs to the class.

9th. Before you close by prayer, mark your class book, and call over each name, in the hearing of your class, making an inquiry concerning those who are absent.

10th. If any are reported to be sick, or in affliction, let the prayer be offered for such, or for any particular case among those present, and pray short.

11th. Hold your meeting "but one hour"—and this you can do, if you observe the preceding and following rules.

12th. Have no prayer meeting at the close of your class meeting; remember some of the class are mothers—wives of unconverted men—children—girls at service—mechanics—who work hard and rise early. You should exercise such a fatherly care over them, as not to detain them a moment after the regular exercises of the class.

13th. Reduce the number of members in your class to twelve; you can then have time for all your duties to the class—visiting absent members, &c.

14th. If the number in your class is sufficient to make two or more classes, try to find some one, or more, who may become a leader, and recommend him to the preacher in charge, and help him in getting a place for the meetings of the class.

15th. Frequently change with other leaders; but be careful to have your class book marked the same as though you were present.

For the Herald and Journal.

"LORD, BLESS US ANY HOW!"

The prayer meeting dragged heavily, and every effort seemed but to clog the wheels, till a brother, whose name I must not call, bowed in prayer. And even he seemed straightened in expression, till he cried, in the language of our caption, "Lord, bless us any how!" and by this simple exclamation, disburdened his heart, and opened the way to the gracious throne.

But there was nothing irreverent in this exclamation; it was an expression of resignation and submission, which the suppliant could make in no other words. Nor was there any thing in the life of this humble man, which shook the confidence of his brethren in his Christian integrity, or offended them in his prayer. On the contrary, they surrendered to his guidance, and were, by his blunt petition, delivered from their strains. I have often heard eloquent prayers, but do not recollect ever to have heard one which moved heaven quicker, or quicker delivered strained souls. And I have often thought, how much better it would be for Christians, generally, when, for any cause, they become straightened in prayer, instead of trying to deliver themselves by their eloquence or vociferation, to stop right short off, look right away to heaven, and say, "Lord, bless us any how!"

For the Herald and Journal.

THE LICENSE QUESTION.

Satan fears "his time is short" in the rum business, and acts, through his emissaries, towards good Deacon Grant, in disturbing his temperance meetings, some as we expected he would, from the description given of him in holy writ. Stand firm, friends. Now is your time of battle; be wise as serpents, harmless as doves, fearless and calm, united and persevering.

RECOGNITION.

For the Herald and Journal.

CONCISE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

The history of the English Bible includes a period of nine hundred years. The venerable Bede translated the Psalter and the gospel into the Anglo-Saxon, by order of King Alfred. The price of a Bible in 1284, fairly written, with a Commentary, was from \$150 to \$250, though in 1840, two arches of the London Bridge were built for \$123.

Richard Rolle was one of the first to attempt a translation of the Bible into the English language, as it was spoken after the conquest. He wrote a paraphrase in verse on the book of Job, and a gloss upon the Psalter, but the whole Bible, by Wickliffe, appeared between 1380 and 1380.

A bill, in the year 1409, was brought into the House of Lords, to forbid the use of English Bibles; but it did not pass. A decree of Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1409, forbade unauthorized persons to translate any text of Holy Scripture into English, as well as prohibited the reading of any translation till approved of by the Bishops, or a Council. Several persons were burned for reading the word of God.

In the reign of Henry the Fifth, a law was passed, "That whoever should read the Scriptures, in their mother tongue, should forfeit land, cattle, body, life, and goods, for their heirs forever, and be condemned for heretics to God, enemies to the crown, and most ardent traitors to the land." And between 1461 and 1493, Faust, or Faustus, who undertook the sale of Bibles at Paris, where printing was then unknown, narrowly escaped punishment. He was taken for a magician, because he produced them so rapidly, and because one copy was so much like another.

The Latin Vulgate, printed at Mayntz, in 1462, was the very first printed edition of the whole Bible in any language, bearing the date and place of its execution, and the name of the printer. The first printed edition of the Holy Scriptures, in any modern language, was in German, in the year 1467. The New Testament, by Luther, revised by Melancthon, appeared in 1521. William Tyndal, in 1526, printed his English Testament at Antwerp; but those who sold it in England, were condemned by Sir Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor, to ride with their faces to the horses' tails, with papers on their heads, and to throw their books and themselves into the fire at Cheapside. Tyndal himself was strangled and burned. His dying prayer was, "Lord open the King of England's eyes." John Fry, or Fryth, and William Royce, who assisted Tyndal in his Bible, were both burned for heresy.

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For the Herald and Journal.

GIVING FOR LOST SOULS.

Some years ago, a missionary meeting was held in Raitien, an island in the South Seas. One of the speakers, a native, alluded to the activity and zeal of different classes in employing all the means in their power to accomplish their objects; as the fisherman, for example, uses his nets, hooks, baits, canoes, &c. "And so," said he, "it is with those who love Christ. They will seek means to send his gospel to other lands, that others may know Christ too. I have been looking for a name by which to call property given for this purpose; and I think it may be called, 'Property to seek out lost souls.' Are not the souls of those living in darkness lost souls? And is not this property the means by which they obtain the light of life? It is the thought of lost souls that animates good people in their labors. They do not collect property for themselves; it is for lost souls. We give property for every thing. If we want a canoe, we give property for it. If we want an axe, we give property for it. If we want a net, we give property for it. And are not lost souls worth giving property for? Think of lost souls, and work while it is called to-day."

And may not Christians in this enlightened country derive a hint from the foregoing exhortation? We give our money for almost every thing which can minister to our comfort and convenience; and shall we not give with equal alacrity for lost souls? It is only in this way we can imitate the example of our Savior. He gave himself for lost souls; and shall we refuse to devote our property to the same high and holy object?—Dayspring.

For the Herald and Journal.

ENGLISH WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

The missions of the English Wesleyans in South Africa, were commenced in 1817. In the autumn of the previous year, Rev. Barnabas Shaw, who had in vain endeavored to obtain permission to instruct the slaves in Cape Town, applied to the Governor of his desire to undertake a mission in the interior. The latter expressed his approbation of the plan, and promised his encouragement and aid; but he declared his inability to point out any particular locality, where such an enterprise might be commenced with a probability of success. Mr. Shaw, moreover, had no adequate information upon this important point; and he saw at first no way in which he could carry his purpose into effect. It was at this critical moment, that Mr. Schmelen, who had spent some time among the Namaquas, under the direction of the London Missionary Society, arrived at Cape Town, with a number of the natives, and assured him that there was work enough to be done in Namaqua land, promising, at the same time, to render him every possible assistance. Mr. Shaw thought that he perceived the guiding hand of God in this coincidence; and in due time, therefore, he proceeded to the field of labor, so providentially opened to him.

But he was arrested in his journey, by an event as gratifying as it was unexpected. While he was travelling with Mr. Schmelen, he was met by six Hottentots on their way to Cape Town; and he soon ascertained that they were going for the express purpose of finding some person to teach them the way of salvation. This became to Mr. Shaw as "a pillar of cloud, and of fire," to direct him to the post which he was to occupy. On reaching the abode of these Hottentots, distant about nine days from the place where he had so providentially met, he laid the foundation of a

For the Herald and Journal.

whole Bible in 1588, and the English translation, called the Bishop's Bible, by Alexander Parker, in 1588. It was in 1582 that the Roman Catholic Rheish Testament appeared, and in 1609 and 1610, that their Dway Old Testament was printed. In 1607 was begun, and in 1611 was completed, a new and more correct translation, being the present authorized version of the Holy Scriptures, by forty seven learned persons, (fifty-four were appointed), chosen from the two Universities. This edition has been truly styled, "not only the glory of the rich, and the inheritance of the poor," but "the guide of the unworn pilgrim, the messenger of grace, and the means of knowledge, holiness, and joy to millions."

For the Herald and Journal.

DECEPTION OF THE IMAGINATION.

"There is great force in your remarks on the deceptions of imagination. A strong imagination, expanding and sweeping over ages and worlds, is a great blessing, and will exult in the sight of whatever is great, in any department of contemplation, as well the evangelist as any other. It will hold it as an object of taste. It will revel in a sublime romance of religion. It will admire the character of Jesus, and some of the Christian truths and prospects, as magnificent objects, analogous to the heavenly bodies, and stupendous phenomena in the physical universe. These feelings may exist where they do not evince, nor form any part of the influences of a divine spirit pervading the soul, and making it evangelic and heavenly. This is what you mean; I believe it is true. But what, then, is the criterion to ascertain the nature of these feelings, in any given case? The proof will be found in the consistency or inconsistency of these feelings with the other movements of the mind, and in their consequences. Let Rousseau be the instance. In his eloquent praise of Christianity, taken by itself, you will hardly detect a proof that it is not dictated by a piety sublime as his genius. Ask, then, does Rousseau zealously endeavor to establish all the proofs of Christianity? Does Rousseau reverently submit his genius and his philosophic speculations to its authority? Does Rousseau receive with equal pleasure the abasing, as the elevating, truths of Christianity? Does he, as a guilty being, rejoice in Christ chiefly as a Savior? Can he despise philosophic fame, for the sake of Christ? Does he zealously proclaim him to his brethren? Is he sensible of the excellence of the Christian consolations? Does he pray fervently? Does he deny himself, and take up his cross? Are his morals reformed? These would prove him a Christian, and his eloquence would be that of an apostle. 'Tis matter of never-ending regret that Rousseau's character will not bear such a process of trial. I am not claiming any kindred to his sublime genius while I bring myself to the touchstone, and say, 'A glow of imagination; but certainly that is not all. The gospel is to me not a matter of complacent speculation only, but of momentous use, of urgent necessity. I come to Jesus Christ because I need pardon, and purification, and strength. I feel more abased as He appears more divine. In the dust I listen to His instructions and commands. I pray fervently in His name, and above all things for a happy union with Him. I do, and will proclaim Him. For His sake I am willing to go through evil report and good report. I wish to live and die in His service.'—John Foster.

For the Herald and Journal.

FORBEARING THREATENING.

BY PROF. J. ALDEN, D. D.

"George, who broke this rake?" said Mr. Colman to his son, as he took up a rake, one of the bows of which was broken. George looked down, and made no reply. He had been playing with the rake rather carelessly, and had accidentally broken it. "If you get it again," said his father, "I will whip you severely, you may depend upon it." It will be observed that he did not oblige George to answer his question, nor did he inquire whether any blame had been incurred in breaking the rake. He contented himself with uttering the above recorded threat, in rather a harsh tone, and went to his work.

George felt a little uncomfortable for a moment; not because he cared anything about having broken the rake, or because he had any fear of punishment, but simply because his companion, William Hayford, had heard his father scold him. "I shouldn't care anything about father's scolding," he said to himself, "if he would not scold before anybody."

He soon threw off the temporary depression that he felt, and engaged in playing with William, with as much spirit as if nothing had happened.

In the course of the afternoon, they discovered two very large apples on a tree that stood near the barn. The apples were out of their reach, and on a limb which they could not shake sufficiently to bring the apples off. They then looked around for a pole to get them off with, but could not find any which they could manage. "O dear," said George, "what have we been making all this fuss for? Why didn't we think of the rake? we can reach them with the rake." And away he went to the barn to get the rake.

"I thought of it," said William, "but you know what your father said he would do, if you took it again."

"That's nothing," said George.

"You must know best; but I should think a severe punishment something. Your father is a very good man."

"I know it, but do you suppose he would whip me, for just taking the rake and punching off an apple with it?"

"He said he would."

"I know he did; but he says a great many things which he never does."

"My father always does what he says. If he says, 'I'll whip you,' he whips you, and no mistake about it."

"I shouldn't like to have such a father."

"Does your father never whip you?"

"Yes, once in a great while, when something has made him very cross, he will catch hold of a fellow and give it to him before he knows it; but that is only once in a great while. He says he will whip, for almost everything, but he never does."

By this time he had got the rake, and was trying to reach the apples, but the rake handle was not quite long enough. Just at this moment Mr. Colman came along. William expected to see him look angry, and to see George manifest some signs of fear, but he was disappointed in both expectations.

"What are you doing?" said Mr. Colman, as he saw George trying to reach up higher into the tree-top.

"I am trying to reach those apples," said George.

"You must make haste and grow taller," said his father, taking the rake out of his hand, and bringing down the apples. "They are very fine ones," continued he, "they are the first the graft has borne."

"Don't you want one of them?" said George.

"I will take a piece of one," said he, opening his knife, and dividing one. He then passed on, and never said a word about the rake, or about whipping George for getting it.

William was astonished. If his father had said he would punish him if he repeated any more, he would as soon expect the sun to fail to rise

For the Herald and Journal.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS YOUTH.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Geron, an old man of eighty years, was one day sitting before the door of his rustic dwelling, enjoying the bright and cheerful autumn morning. His eyes rested now upon the blue hills in the distance, from whose tops the mist was stealing upward, like the smoke of burnt offerings, and now upon his mirthful grand-children, who were sporting around him.

A youth from the city now approached the old man, and entered into discourse with him. When the youth heard the number of his years from his own lips, he wondered at his vigorous age, and his ruddy countenance. Whereupon he asked the old man whence it came that he enjoyed such strength and cheerfulness in the late autumn of life.

Geron answered: "My son, these, like every other good thing, are gifts which come to us from above, the mercy of which we cannot claim to ourselves, and still we can do something here below, to enable us to obtain them."

Having uttered these words, the old man arose, and led the stranger into his orchard, and showed him the tall and noble trees, covered with delicious fruit, the sight of which gladdened the heart.

Then the old man spoke. "Dost thou wonder also that I now enjoy the fruit of these trees? See, my son, I planted them in my youth; thou hast the secret of my happy and fruitful old age."

The youth cast a look full of meaning upon the old man, for he understood his words, and treasured them up in his heart.—Krummacher.

For the Herald and Journal.

COSTUME OF FORMER TIMES.

When Gov. Bowdoin reviewed the troops of Massachusetts, in 1747, he was dressed in a gray wig, cocked hat, and white broadcloth coat and waistcoat, red small clothes, and black silk stockings.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, as late as 1803, wore robes of scarlet, faced with black velvet, and in summer, black silk gowns.

In 1789, Gen. Washington arrived in New York, from Mount Vernon, to assume the duties of the Presidency. He was dressed in a full suit of Virginia homespun. On his visit to New England, soon after, he wore the old continental uniform, except on Sunday, when he appeared in black.

John Adams, when Vice-President, wore a sword, and walked the streets with his hat under his arm.

At his levees in Philadelphia, President Washington was clad in black velvet, his hair was powdered, and gathered behind in a silk bag, yellow gloves, knee and shoe buckles; he held in his hand a cocked hat, ornamented with a cockade, fringed about an inch deep, with black feathers—a long sword, in a white leather scabbard, with a polished steel hilt hung at his hip.

Poverty in the way of duty is to be chosen rather than plenty in the way of sin.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE YOUNG PIONEER.

After parting with the family where he had been so kindly entertained, and who took such a lively interest in the welfare of the young stranger, for some little distance he had to contend with the violence of the storm, which dispirited him every step of the way. But, having soon gained the thick of woods, he found it more tolerable. It gave him a friendly protection from the peltings of the storm, and severity of the cold.

His situation having now become comparatively comfortable, he spurred on his horse, and took courage. But so deep was the snow, he soon became weary, and his agility moderated to a slow pace. Sometimes he doubted the practicability of getting to his place of destination for the day. But he pressed forward, passing now and then a cut down or cleared up spot, each having a log cabin and hovel. But these were few, and far between. Sometimes the white capped hills and mountains showed themselves through the openings, but presented to the eye a gloomy, comfortless, uninviting aspect. From the time of his parting with the affectionate family, in the morning, until late in the afternoon, he met no human being, heard no human voice, and saw no human footsteps. At long intervals, he saw only the curling smoke ascending from the lonely cottage, which gave indications that man lived there, blest with the comforts of a cheerful fire and covert from the storm. So inclement was the day, that none but a Methodist preacher ventured to contend with the furious elements of cold and wind, and snow. But though the men of the world may themselves be happy in being exempted from the privations, and physical, mental, and spiritual afflictions of itinerant preachers, yet the self-sacrificing herald of the gospel of Christ Jesus has sufficient inducements to suffer for all things, and to endure all things, in consideration of the great and glorious recompense of reward on high.

Sometime past mid-day he began to be cold, and weary, and hungry. His privations and sufferings pressed heavily upon him. He thought of home, of friends, and past comforts. He derived no satisfaction from the thought that God could provide a table in the wilderness. While he thus reflected he was tempted by the devil. He thought of Christ in the wilderness, and took the sword of the spirit and repulsed him.

After this he was much comforted. He had the bread to eat that he did not know of—O, how happy! In good earnest, before he was aware of it, upon the top of his voice, he began to sing praise to God. He made the howling wilderness echo with,

"Ye mountains and valleys, in praises abound,  
Ye hills and ye dale, continue the sound;  
Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,  
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God."

He now went on his way rejoicing; sometimes riding, and sometimes walking. The fire burned. The love of God now filled his whole soul. He now shouted glory! glory!—not to be heard of man, for no human ear was within the sound of his voice. But it was glory to God in the highest!

It was now late in the afternoon; and the severity of the storm had somewhat abated, when he came to a place where two ways met. He hesitated which to take. A small distance off the road stood a small house, and there being no obstructions, he rode up to inquire. Having given three raps with the butt end of his whip on the door, still sitting on his horse, in a moment he heard the sound of light, quick, female footsteps approaching, when open came the door, and a voice that sounded more than humanly feminine, yet earnest, before he had time to speak, proclaimed, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; come in!" The invitation was both surprising and irresistible. Her eyes, that beamed forth the affectionate hospitality of the heart, here lips that spoke with such angelic kindness to the suffering stranger, and the hand so tenderly and yet so eagerly grasped his, gave him the fullest assurance that he was welcome, and that he had found a friend in time of need. He hesitated not for a second, but as soon as his stiffened limbs would permit, he dismounted and entered. His weary, hungry horse, went quick to the stable; the girl hastened to put on the tea-kettle, and cooked the meat, while the mother prepared a cake for the fire.

The repeat being now ready, she said that a Methodist minister, a stranger, was expected to preach that evening at Mr. F's, and supposed him to be the gentleman. She further said, knowing the distance he had to ride, and seeing the severity of the storm, she had been anxiously looking out for him, and was very happy in being able to give him some refreshments, after so long and tedious a journey through the woods. After eating with a pretty good grace, on his knees he prayed for a blessing on this kind family, and then bid them farewell; the boy showing him the right road to the place of his destination.

This circumstance was ever regarded by him as one of the most remarkable in his whole life. It never occurred to him but in connection with that friendly visit that should cast over female defects, in view of whose refined and generous feelings of which the female heart is so capable, and which are but seldom suppressed, in cases of distress and commiseration. When man suffers, woman pities. This noble-hearted female was an honor to the mother that gave her birth, a friend to humanity, and an ornament to the church of which she was a member. Names

For the Herald and Journal.

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## GOD SAVE THE PLOUGH.

BY MRS. BOURNAY.

See how the shining share  
Maketh earth's bosom fair,  
Crowning her brow  
Bread in her furrow sows,  
Health and repose it brings,  
Treasures unknown to kings—  
God save the plough!

Look—in the warrior's blade,  
While o'er the battle gleams,  
Hate breeds its own woe,  
Wrath, its unending woe,  
Love at its lightning quakes,  
Weeping and woe it makes,  
God save the plough!

Ships o'er the deep may ride,  
Scurvy wreck their lumbered pride,  
Waves when their prow—  
But the well-loaded wain,  
Gladdening the household train—  
God save the plough!

Who are the truly great!  
Minions of pomp and state,  
Where the crowd bow?  
Give us hard hands and free,  
Cultivators of soil and tree,  
Best friends of liberty,  
God save the plough!

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

Sister HARRIET PEARCE, daughter of Mr. Thomas Pearce, died of consumption, in Enfield, Conn., April 8, aged 29 years. For several years sister Pearce lived in the happy enjoyment of the religion of Jesus. She was remarkably supported in her protracted sickness by grace. She enjoyed perfect victory over the grave. The smile of hope and joy constantly illumined her face. For days she longed for the time of her release to come, "desiring to depart and be with Christ." Just before her death, she exclaimed, "I shall die in three minutes, and be with Jesus." In about that period she fell asleep in the Lord.

Cabotville, May 1. L. CROWELL.

Br. ABRAHAM BALL died in Athens, Vt., April 17, aged 60 years. Br. Ball was a worthy member of the M. E. Church about 46 years. His life has been that of a consistent Christian. For some years he was a licensed exhorter, and for more than thirty years a class-leader and steward. Death found him ready. In his last sickness, which was painful, he manifested a holy resignation, his will being lost in the will of God. He was one of the first Methodists in this place. He has gone to his reward, leaving a wife and eleven children to mourn their loss. May God sanctify this affliction to the good of the church, and all the mourning friends.

Athens, Vt., April 22. JOSEPH HOUSE.

Mrs. PRUDENCE, wife of Mr. Eliakim Ames, died in Smyrna, Me., Feb. 13, aged 56 years and 3 months. Sister Ames experienced religion when but fourteen years of age, and united with the Methodist E. Church. Br. Ames and family removed to this place in 1845, and he and his wife became members of the M. E. Church here. She bore her sickness (which was severe) with Christian fortitude and patience, and death in peace. She has left a husband and seven children, with other relatives, to mourn her loss. She was a dutiful wife, and a kind and affectionate mother.

Houlton, April 28. THOS. B. TOTTEN.

BETSEY, daughter of William Barrell, died in Ashburnham, Mass., May 6, aged 37 years. A lover of good people, diligent in business, her end was peaceful.

Ashburnham, May 9. K. KILBURN.

Br. BENJAMIN BROWN died March 21, aged 53 years, more than 20 of which had been spent in the service of God. The evidence of his conversion was remarkably clear, leaving hardly a doubt to distress him. So also was his evidence of sanctification, which blessing he experienced a number of years before his death. In prayer and exhortation he was a most remarkable man, never failing deeply to interest—the great secret of which was his strong faith and ardent piety. His last sickness was a scene of triumph over the fear of death.

Newbury, Mass. W. SMITH.

## SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

## ANNUAL MEETING OF THE N. E. CONFERENCE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, &amp;c.

The N. E. Conference Anti-Slavery Society, held its anniversary at the Lynn Common M. E. Church, on the evening of April 29, 1847.

At half past seven, the President, the Rev. Dexter S. King, called the meeting to order.—Rev. Mark Trafton read a hymn, which was sung by the whole congregation. Rev. Jefferson Hall then devoutly implored God's special blessing upon the services of the occasion. Rev. Jonathan D. Bridge, of Worcester, was introduced to the large and interested assembly, who read the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That the history of the anti-slavery enterprise in this Republic, and in the various Christian denominations of the country, is fraught with important instruction, admonition, and encouragement.

Resolved, That while the clergy, generally, are being powerfully affected in behalf of the slave, it becomes the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church to linger amidst the hypercriticals and abstract speculations of apologists for slavery, or to suffer themselves, under the influence of a questionable charity, to make more pains to extenuate the guilt of the master, than to alleviate the woes of the slave.

The speaker then proceeded to address the meeting in a highly able, earnest, and effective manner. Br. B. demonstrated to the assembly, that he was no backslider from the good old Wesleyan, anti-slavery religion.

He observed that, despite the imprudences and imperfections of the early abolitionists, and the speaker candidly admitted such imperfections—their labors had, nevertheless, resulted in great good to the cause of human freedom. He thought that the crushed rights, the fiery trials, the tears and blood of the slave, ought to rouse to united, uncompromising, and tireless efforts, every friend of the bondman, till the very last slave of the land is free, completely, for ever free.—Amos I responded the hearts and voices of the people. The address was certainly a noble one.

Rev. Gershom F. Cox, of the Maine Conference, entertained the audience with a brief, but excellent and deeply spiritual speech. His re-

marks on the importance and power of prayer, in the great anti-slavery enterprise, must have moved every Christian heart that heard him. And, surely, in all our great moral movements, there should be much earnest prayer. For what cause can prosper without God's own blessing? And how can that blessing be obtained and retained, without prayer?

This meeting, I fondly trust, will impart a fresh and mighty impulse to the blessed cause of slave liberation. The following are the officers for the ensuing year—the same as last year:—

President, Dexter S. King.  
Vice Presidents, James Porter, Aaron D. Sargeant, Lorenzo R. Thayer.  
Secretary, John S. J. Gridley.  
Treasurer, Luman Boyden.  
Managers, Horace Moulton, Thomas W. Gleason, Mark Trafton, Samuel Tupper, David K. Merrill.  
J. S. J. G., Sec.

Natick, May 6.

For the Herald and Journal.

## REV. LEVI PACKARD.

It will be recollected that I called attention, several months since, to a published sermon from this gentleman, on "Covenant Obligations." His first complaint of my letter was, that I had pretended to quote from his sermon what was not in it, and had thus done him injustice—than which nothing can be further from the truth. He has, doubtless, seen his error on this point, and may yet have the candor to retract it. Failing to fasten blame upon me in this matter, he next complains of the use I made of a certain paper, which he gave to a Mrs. Gleason. In his zeal to implicate the Methodist church, and make his own appear to the best advantage, he has published in his sermon, that only one was ever refused a letter from his church; that "five members" had requested a dismission and recommendation to the Methodist church, and all "received regular letters of dismission and recommendation." Knowing something of the proceedings of his church in this regard, I was surprised at the announcement, and ventured to ask his attention to the following paper:—

"At a meeting of the Congregational church, in Spencer, May 9th, 1832, the following vote was passed:—

"Whereas, Mrs. Nancy Gleason has virtually withdrawn from us, by connecting herself with another religious denomination, we therefore consider her no longer a member of us, but leave her to act in relation to religious duties as she may think her obligations to God and man require.

Attest, LEVI PACKARD, Pastor."

Now, believing as I did, that Mrs. Gleason had applied to Mr. Packard for a letter of recommendation to the Methodist church, and that she received this in response to that application, I supposed it was designed as a sort of letter, the best the church saw fit to give, though, as I stated at the time, there was not the first element of a regular letter about it. And how the gentleman would reconcile the foregoing announcement in his sermon with this singular paper, was a question of some interest. Observe, he published that but one had ever been refused a letter, and five had received regular letters of dismission and recommendation to the Methodist church. Mrs. Gleason, having requested a letter, and left the church with this paper, I, of course, inferred that she was reckoned among the "five," and that this paper was counted as a "regular recommendation." What else could I infer? But one had been refused a letter, and that one was of the other sex. Besides, Mrs. Gleason had applied for a letter, and received this paper. Hence, I say, that this must be counted among the regular letters, or more than one had been refused. Considering that it was given in the place of a letter, I so counted it in my communication to Mr. Packard.

But for this he sharply rebukes me, and says of the paper, it is not a regular letter, and "no one ever pretended that it was." What then becomes of the statement in the sermon, that but one was ever refused a letter? Why, it is flatly denied that she ever asked for a letter. Mr. Packard says, "Mrs. G. asked a dismission from our church. She asked no recommendation to any church whatever," and it was thought to be "the most gentle way of disposing of the thing, to pass the note which I have given above."—This, if true, makes all right again. But let us consider this statement a moment. If it is a dismission, that was of itself a sufficient reason for giving her one. Indeed, it is the very best, and most natural apology for its action, the church could give. But what do they say in their vote? That she had asked a dismission? Not at all. It is not even hinted. But, "Whereas, Mrs. Nancy Gleason has virtually withdrawn from us by connecting herself with another denomination," &c. Is this being "gentle"? If she had made a request to be dismissed, as Mr. P. says, it is not more probable that this gentle church would have written, whereas Mrs. Nancy Gleason has requested to be dismissed, &c.—and especially, as she had not withdrawn, or connected herself with another denomination, in any proper sense of these terms? Mr. Packard's account of this matter, wears improbability upon the very face of it. It, however, does not fail to show the predominant influence of the times, "gentle" as they were. The truth in the case, I suppose to be, Mrs. G. asked for a regular letter of recommendation, but Mr. Packard had so much aversion to Methodism, he would not give one, and to conceal his prejudice, and give some plausibility to the action of the church, resorted to the groundless presumption that she had already withdrawn, and then dismissed her, as a matter of course. If this is not the proper translation of the matter, I have made a mistake, and will leave others to read for themselves.

But I find a letter upon my table, which has special reference to this point. An extract or two cannot be uninteresting. Take the following:—

"October, 1831, appeared myself to the Methodist church in Spencer. They told me to go to Mr. Packard's, and ask for a letter. In February, 1832, I went to Mr. Packard's, and asked him for a recommendation to the Methodist church. He said he could not recommend me to a people that puts down the church."

NANCY GLEASON.

"This certifies that I, Samuel Gleason, was with my wife at Mr. Packard's, when she asked him for a recommendation to the Methodist church, and when he refused to recommend her, and heard him say, he could not recommend her to a people that puts down her denomination."

SAMUEL GLEASON.

These statements establish several points:—1. That Mrs. G. had not joined even a Methodist church, when the vote in her case was passed. 2. That the Methodist church, in dismissing her, did so to procure a letter from her church, evincing a disposition to maintain fraternal relations to that body. 3. That she applied to Mr. Packard for a letter of recommendation to the Methodist church. 4. That it was refused, rather from prejudice against the people she proposed to join, than from any objection to her Christian character, or tendencies to Shakerism. 5. That this application laid somewhere between Mr. Packard and his church, for the space of three months. And 6, that more than "one" has been refused a letter of recommendation from Mr. Packard's church.

In other parts of the letter, from which these extracts are made, Mrs. G. distinctly states that she was visited during these three months, and, in short, that the representations in my letter to Mr. P., so far as they relate to her, are correct. Thus it appears, that the gentleman has made some mistakes in reference to the matter in question. I will not believe them intentional misrepresentations. This would be uncharitable. The truth is, I suppose, he is a Calvinist of the old school, and cannot look upon Methodism with any degree of allowance. He has, therefore, felt it his duty, probably, to meet and resist it at every point, and in every way which was at all admissible; not merely since we commenced operations in his neighborhood, but long before, even in the eventful days of "Letters on Methodism." And it is to this cause, likely, that all of these circumstances are attributable. But it is to be hoped that a clearer view of us, and a better acquaintance with our motives and economy, will moderate his asperity, and induce him to give us a good hearty greeting, as coadjutors in the world's salvation.

As to the many taunts, thrusts, and innuendoes in his article in the Puritan, I have nothing to say, more than they belong to the same category with the complaints already noticed. Touch them, and they fall. Let the light shine upon them, and they vanish away. And now, after waiting so long for Mr. Packard to express himself fully in reference to my letter, and having shown that published complaints of that document are without foundation, I take my leave of him, and of the subject, and submit the case to the good people of Spencer, who know the facts, and are capable of judging in the premises. If Mr. P. wishes to pursue the subject farther, he can do so in such form as he may judge best.

Worcester, May 5. J. PORTER.

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

A few years since, a protracted meeting was held in a town in the State of Vermont, in which a little girl experienced religion. As she was then going to the district school, one day, during the intermission at noon, she took three other little girls, and went to a neighbor's house, and asked him if she might have a prayer-meeting in one of his rooms. On being refused the use of the room, from some cause, she said to her school-mates, we must have a prayer-meeting somewhere; and added, that they must go into the woods, near the school house, and find a good place, and have the meeting there. She accordingly went to the woods, and, after finding a suitable place, addressed her playmates as follows:—

"When I kneel down, you must all kneel down; when I try to pray, you must all try to pray; and when I try to believe, you must all try to believe." And they there knelt down before their Maker, and tried to pray and believe in Christ, who had said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And God verified the promise, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." They were made happy in the enjoyment of that love which passeth all understanding.

Little girls, God has said to each of you, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." When you read this little story, I hope you will go and do these little things, and that you may be saved from your sins, and prepare for the service of God here, and to dwell with Christ in the eternal world, where you may see him as he is, and be like Him. Remember that many who were once comparatively innocent little girls, as you are now, have been ruined by sin; and their friends have suffered inexpressible anguish, while they have seen them in the broad way that leads to death.

"Let Christians remember, while they meet for social worship, they should all kneel, try to pray, and try to believe."

## OUR JOHN JOHNSON, OR THE MAN WITH EXTENSIVE CONNECTIONS.

We are not, dear reader, about to inflict upon you a long biography of the distinguished personage whose name is so conspicuously paraded before you, at the head of this article; for, to own the truth, our personal acquaintance with the individual has been next to nothing. Indeed, we are not quite sure that we have his name right, as it stands recorded in the old family Bible, for a son of John, of the old world, constrains us to confess, that we quote from recollection—not having seen, for several years, the family record of the Johnsons. The name itself signifies, as any body may know, that the hero of our story was neither more nor less than John's son.

When we first heard of him, John Johnson lived in Charleston, S. C., and was a member of an orthodox church, in good standing. Suffering his own garden to be overrun with weeds, he spent much time in weeding the garden of his brethren, in the old family Bible, for a son of John, of the old world, constrains us to confess, that we quote from recollection—not having seen, for several years, the family record of the Johnsons. The name itself signifies, as any body may know, that the hero of our story was neither more nor less than John's son.

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there, thinking that in the metropolis of New England he would find at least one religious society that had no John Johnson in it. In this he was disappointed; and making all convenient haste, he went to Salem, hoping that the race of the Johnsons had been exterminated, when the Puritans drove off the Baptists and Quakers, and hung the witches. Calling on the venerable Dr. Worcester, then alive, and preaching there, Mr. Paalter told his little story, and repeated his earnest inquiry for a religious society, without a John Johnson in it. "Go back," said the Doctor, "and make the best you can of the evils of your condition; for, in all my long experience, I have never known a parish without one of the Johnson family in it."

It is hoped that the society of our faith are seldom, if ever, troubled in like manner. But if any are thus afflicted, they will do well to resort to the summary process of excommunication. May the Lord deliver our churches and societies from the influence of so great an evil as John Johnson.—Western Evangelist.

## THE BATTLE FIELD.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, in a letter from Saltillo, thus describes the awful spectacle of the battle field, after the battle of Buena Vista had been fought. What a picture does it present of war!

At one time during the fight, we returned over the ground on which was made our first charge. We there saw the mangled bodies of our fallen comrades, and, although animated by the excitement of the fierce contest which was just then to be renewed, yet I think there was not a heart among us which did not for a moment cease to beat, on beholding that horrible scene. But for his straw hat, and a few other articles of clothing which the ruffians had left on him, I should have failed to recognize the body of young Eggleston. He was shot, stabbed, and otherwise abused. This was, indeed, the fate of all whom I saw. Lieut. Moore, and a man named Couch, of our company, were the only persons whose bodies I easily recognized.

After the battle, I rode over the whole field. Parties were engaged in burying the dead—but there were still hundreds of bodies lying stiff and cold, with no covering save the scanty remnant of clothing which the robbers of the dead found too valuable to take from them. I saw the human body pierced in every place. I saw expressed in the faces of the dead almost every passion and feeling. Some seemed to have died exulting their enemies, and cursing them with their last breath; others had the most placid and resigned expression and feeling. Some seemed to have died defending their lives bravely to the last, while others evidently used their last words in supplicating for mercy. Here lay youth and mature age, calmly reposing in untimely death.

Passing on from this part of the bloody ground, I went over to the plain literally covered with the dead bodies of those who had so recently been our foes. This scene was horrible enough, but was divested of some of its horrors by the fact that not one of the Mexican soldiers was either robbed or stripped of his clothing, nor was there the least appearance of the bodies having been abused after being wounded. This, indeed, speaks much for the "barbarous volunteers of the United States of the North," as the Mexicans style us.

Among the hundreds of dead whom I saw there, I was touched by the appearance of the corpse of a Mexican boy, whose age, I should think, could not have exceeded fifteen years. A bullet had struck him full through the breast, and he was lying on his back, his face slightly inclined to one side, and, although cold, yet beaming with a bright and sunny smile, which eloquently told the spectator that he had fallen with his face to his country's foe.

Saltillo is one vast hospital. Besides our own wounded, (four to five hundred in number,) General Taylor has collected all the wounded Mexicans who were left by their army, and put them in the hospital. It is most disgusting to visit one of these places. All of them (the Mexicans) are badly wounded, for those that were slightly wounded went off. They are dying every hour in the day.

## THE VANITY OF TALENT ON A DEATH-BED.

The latter moments of Stevens, the celebrated actor of Shakespeare (says Mr. Dibdin), were moments of mental anguish. He grew not only irritable, but outrageous; and, in full possession of his faculties, he raved in a manner which could have been expected only from a creature held up without notions of morality or religion. Neither complacency nor "joyful hope" was in his bed of death. His language was torn, frequently the language of imprecation, and his wishes and apprehensions such as no rational Christian can think upon, without severe agony of heart. Although I am not disposed to admit the whole of the testimony of the good woman who watched by his bedside, and paid him, when dead, the last melancholy attentions of her office—although my prejudices, as they may be called, will not allow me to believe that the windows shook, and that strange noises and deep groans were heard at midnight in his room—yet no creature of common sense (and the women possessed the quality in an eminent degree) could mistake the quality for prayers, or boisterous treatment for calm and gentle usage. If he said, why—

"—draw his frailties from their dread abode"

the answer is obvious, and I should hope, irrefragable. A duty, and a sacred one, too, is due to the living. Past examples operate upon future ones; and posterity ought to know, in the instance of this accomplished scholar and literary antiquary, that neither the sharpest wit, nor the most delicate refinement, can alone afford a man "peace at the last." The vessel of human existence must be secured by other anchors than these, when the storm of death approaches.

## A PLEASANT PARLOR INMATE.

Miss Fuller, in her last letter communicated from Europe to the columns of the New York Tribune, mentions having become acquainted with Dr. Southworth Smith, the well known philanthropist.

"On visiting him," says the lady, "we saw an object which I had often heard of, and had thought would be revolting, but found, on the contrary, an agreeable sight; this is the skeleton of Jeremy Bentham. It was at Bentham's request that the skeleton, dressed in the same dress that he habitually wore, was stuffed out to an exact resemblance of life, and with a portrait mask in wax, the best I ever saw, sits there, an assistant to Dr. Smith in the entertainment of his guests, and companion of his studies. The figure leans a little forward, resting his hands on a stout stick which Bentham always carried, and had named 'Dapple.' The attitude is quite easy; the expression of the whole mild and winning."

It is well known that Bentham, in order to oppose in the most convincing manner the prejudice against dissection of the human subject, willed his body to the surgeons, and in a codicil, subsequently written, made a final bequest of his skeleton to his friend, Dr. Smith.

## A YANKEE GHOST.

Guilt or remorse, for injuries inflicted upon those whose forgiveness cannot be known, and whose power of retaliation in their new condition cannot be estimated, is the prolific mother of spectral annoyances. Whosoever we have injured, however despicable and weak while living, becomes formidable by death. I have noticed in our thrifty, money-loving community, there is a very common notion, that the disposal of an estate contrary to the known wishes of the testator, is the most potent spell of all others, for raising Yankee ghosts. Among the many anecdotes which corroborate this opinion, I must content myself with citing one, the scene of which happened to be in an adjoining town.

Some years ago, an elderly woman, familiarly known as "Aunt Morse," died, leaving a handsome little property. No will was found, although it was understood before her decease, that such a document was in the hands of Squire S., one of her neighbors. One cold winter evening, some weeks after her departure, Squire S. sat in his parlor, looking over his papers, when, hearing some one cough in a familiar way, he looked up, and saw before him a little crooked old woman, in an oil-colored woolen frock, blue and white tow and linen apron, and striped blanket, leaning her sharp, pinched face on one hand, while the other supported a short black tobacco pipe, at which she was puffing in the most vehement and spiteful manner conceivable.

The Squire was a man of some nerve, but his first thought was to attempt to escape, from which he was deterred only by the consideration that any effort to that effect would necessarily bring him nearer to his unwelcome visitor.

"Aunt Morse," he said, at length, "for the Lord's sake get right back to the burying-ground! What on earth are you here for?" The apparition took her pipe deliberately from her mouth, and informed him that she came to see justice done with her will; and that nobody need think of cheating her, dead or alive. Concluding her remark with a shrill emphasis, she replaced her pipe, and puffing away with renewed vigor. The Squire had reasons for retaining the document at issue, which he had supposed conclusive, but he had not reckoned upon the interference of the testator in the matter. Aunt Morse, when living, he had always regarded as a very shrewd woman, and soon sharp work of spirit had been his, like Sheridan's ghost, "the wrong way." He saw nothing better to be done, under the circumstances, than to promise to see to it that very evening.

The ghost nodded her head approvingly, and, knocking the ashes out of her pipe against the chimney, proceeded to fill it anew with a handful of tobacco from her side pocket. "And now, Squire," said she, "if you'll just light my pipe for me, I'll be going."

The Squire was, as has been intimated, no coward; he had been once during the war in a Marine privateer, and had seen sharp work of Faval, but, as he said afterwards, "it was no touch to lighting Aunt Morse's pipe." No slave of a pipe-bearer ever handed the chibque to the Grand Turk with more care and reverence, than the Squire manifested on this occasion. Aunt Morse drew two or three long preliminary whiffs, to see that all was right, pulled her blanket over her head, and slowly hobbled out at the door. The Squire being true to his promise, was never again disturbed. It is right, in conclusion, to say that there were suspicions, at the time, that the ghost was a reality of flesh and blood—in short, one of the living heirs of Aunt Morse, and not the old lady herself.—Whittier's Supernaturalism of New England.

## CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE.

A writer, in arguing against the union of church and state, adduces the religious character of most of the sovereigns of Europe for the last 300 years. With the solitary exception of one youth, Edward VI, not one king is found on the English throne giving evidence of piety that would be deemed satisfactory in the case of a common man! Of the rest he says:—

If we go no further back than to the times of the Reformation, which gives us a chance to see the effect both in Protestant and Catholic countries,—what do we behold, during the three hundred years which have passed away? The best royal family which Europe has furnished during that time, has been that of Brandenburg, in Prussia. The next undoubtedly was that of Vasa, in Sweden. Next is that of Oldenburg, in Denmark. The next is that of Orange, in Holland; for although they were Stadholders, and not Kings in name, they were such in reality. But how few of those four Protestant lines of monarchs gave any evidence of being truly religious men! As to the houses of Bourbon, in France, and of Hapsburg, in Austria, who would think of looking to either of them, during the last three hundred years, even for a saint for the Roman Catholic calendar. And what shall I say of the Italian Kings? What of the house of Braganza, in Portugal? What of the sovereigns of Spain? Alas, to use the most appropriate word in all the Spanish language, with which to designate them, they were pobrecitos—poor creatures, all.

## A SABBATH IN NEW ZEALAND.

A small bell was struck outside the building, and it was an interesting sight to watch the effect it had upon the dwellers of the place; by one they came out of their houses, or crossed the little stiles dividing one court-yard from another, and wrapping their mats and blankets around them, slowly and silently wended their way to the place of worship. On entering, each individual squatted upon the ground, which was strewn with reeds, and with their faces buried in their blankets, they appeared to be engaged in prayer; they then opened their Testaments, and a native preacher commenced the sacred service. It would have been a lesson to some of our thoughtless and fashionable congregations, to see the devout and serious aspect and demeanor of these tattooed men, who, without the assistance of a European, were performing Christian worship with decorous simplicity and reverential feeling.—Agua's Savage Life and Scenes.

## A DUELIST'S DEATH BED.

I was once, in early youth, called to stand beside the bed of a dying sinner; and I think I shall never forget the impressions made on my mind at that time. The sufferer was a young medical student, the son of a rich planter, in the South. Previous to his leaving home, he had encountered his cousin in a duel, and killed him; for which his father banished him from his house, and pronounced upon him his paternal malediction. And even though he had been informed that his son could never arise from the bed of suffering to which he was confined, even though his son had besought him with his waning breath for forgiveness, yet this inhuman brute of a father still withheld it; though after death he could give his coffin, and bedeck his grave.

I entered the room of the dying man, with a religious friend, who had called to pray with him, and who, in walking up to the bed, asked him if he wished him to do so. The patient answered him "yes," and then turning his dark, piercing eye upon me, added, in a sepulchral voice, "have

you come to pray for me, too, little boy?" We knelt down beside his bed, and prayed. During the prayer, he was calm and still, except when some deep groan or heart-rending sigh would break from his bosom. After the prayer, the agonies of his body, operating in union with the weakness of his body, produced insanity; and it was truly agonizing to hear and see his wild gesticulations, and laughter, as horrible and uncharitably as would be produced from a revel in some dark and dreary chamber house. He sprang up in his bed; his eye fiercely gleaming, his hair thrown back from his pale and haggard brow; and seizing his pistols, he cocked and snapped them at some imaginary object. Then, giving vent to one long and loud peal of hollow laughter, he dashed them down, and pointing to the spot at which he aimed, exclaimed, "There! there! there! I don't see you here! you are on the grass? See! see! the blood, how it pours from his breast. O! God! O! God! I've killed him. Forgive me, forgive me, dear, dear father, forgive me, forgive me!" And then, as his mind still wandered, he would grasp his violin, and play some lively tune. Then again, dashing it down upon the bed, he would exclaim, "I must die! I must die! O, forgive me, father; I'm dying."

Ever long his eyes grew dim; his lips quivered; and giving one long, hollow groan, he sank into the gloomy twilight of life's last eve.

## THE HEATHEN WORLD.

According to the most accurate recent calculations, the entire population of the earth is estimated at about one thousand millions of inhabitants. The following is an accurate distribution of their religious classes, as can well be made, and answers every purpose, in order to have a practical view of the condition of the world:—

Protestants,	70,000,000
Roman Catholics,	130,000,000
Greek Church,	56,000,000
Armenians and others,	8,000,000
Jews,	6,000,000
Mohammedans,	100,000,000